on a committee of experts charged with the development of an economic program of the unions. Jouhaux then was full of vigor, at the peak of his career. His committee was studded with big names, including half a dozen Academy members. How they could talk! Jouhaux himself was a fine speaker, too, but he paid tribute to the French passion for eloquence only at the beginning and conclusion of his addresses, taking enough time in between for a sober discussion of the problem. Soon the celebrities disappeared from the committee, and only five or six men remained to work out the program. I suggested building it around two planks: social security and a guarantee of employment for all workers. Jouhaux liked the idea. He and I wrote the final text of the program. Its title was the same as in Belgium—the Plan for Work (*Le Plan du Travail*). I do not remember how many of my pet ideas remained in the final draft, but I felt that the WTB Plan, killed by doctrinairism of the S-D leaders in Germany, had returned to life in France.

My French was not good enough for a teaching position at a French university, but the Statistical Institute of the University of Paris asked me to make a survey of the world economy, and the French-Russian Scientific Institute offered me a professorship in statistics. Emma took graduate courses in the École des Hautes Études Sociales at the Sorbonne and prepared two papers on economic conditions in the United States before and during the depression.

All this kept us busy but provided very little income. I began to think of regular work for the French press. An acquaintance introduced me to the chief editor of a large evening paper, who offered me a weekly column of some two hundred lines on world economics. As a beginning, I was to write a dozen articles for very small pay and large publicity.

My selection of topics was not very good, but the articles passed the test. Several weeks after the first had been published, I met a well-established French journalist. "Congratulations, *cher ami*," he greeted me. "Now you are settled financially." I told him that my honorarium was just enough to pay for the typing of the articles. He looked at me as if I were saying something very stupid. "Honorarium? Who speaks of honorarium? They give you a name, now you go and cash in."

We sat down at a sidewalk table of a café, and he explained the trade to me. "You read business gossip in the morning paper. There is always something. Today, for example . . . the Bank of South France . . . investments in Algeria smell. . . . You call on the director of the bank and ask for information. He is happy to oblige you, all his files are at your disposal. But he, in turn, will ask you for a favor. . . . You see, he has been thinking for a long time of asking